MARVEL .com 75

EXILES

WORLD TOUR 2055

Previously in EXILES:

Gathered together from their own separate realities, BLINK, SABRETOOTH, MORPH, and HEATHER HUDSON risk their lives to save one imperiled Earth after another. From their headquarters in the "Crystal Palace"—an alien observatory outside space and time overlooking the countless realities that make up the Multiverse—the Exiles undertake their world-saving missions and often pay a terrible price.

Such was the case when they encountered Kevin MacTaggert, the body-snatching, reality-warping mutant who calls himself PROTEUS. Possessing the body of Blink's boyfriend and founding Exile, MIMIC, Proteus used his nearly limitless powers to travel to a NEW UNIVERSE. Once there, he discarded the withered husk of Mimic and acquired the body of a powerful paranormal named John Tensen, better known as JUSTICE. But the Exiles regrouped and came after Proteus, preventing him from body-snatching Kenneth Connell and acquiring the tremendous power of Connell's cosmic weapon, the STAR BRAND.

Meanwhile, Heather Hudson struck a deal with the extra-dimensional overlord MOJO to secure the services of his nemesis, LONGSHOT. It was Longshot's ability to warp probabilities in his favor that made him effective against Proteus. Longshot drove Proteus from the New Universe...but all of this came too late to save Mimic.

Now, Blink, Sabretooth, Morph and Longshot reconvene at the Crystal Palace with Heather, trying to determine which reality Proteus escaped to. They cannot allow the murderous villain to wreak destruction in one universe after another.

Meanwhile, in the dark future of 2099 A.D., a scientist performs an interdimensional experiment that will yield most unexpected results...

To find Marvel Comics at a local comic shop, call 1-888-COMICBOOK.

Exiles (ISSN #1540-0964) **No. 75, March, 2006.** Published Monthly except semi-monthly in February, March, June and September by MARVEL PUBLISHING, INC., a subsidiary of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT, INC. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 417 5th Avenue, New York, NY 10016. **PERIODICALS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, NY AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES.** © 2006 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. $2.99 per copy in the U.S. and $4.25 in Canada (GST #R127032852) in the direct market and $2.99 per copy in the U.S. and $4.25 in Canada (GST #R127032852) through the newsstand; Canadian Agreement #40668537. **Printed in the USA.** Subscription rate (U.S. dollars) for 12 issues: U.S. $27.00; Canada $37.00; Foreign $39.00. **POSTMASTER: SEND ALL ADDRESS CHANGES TO Exiles, C/O MARVEL SUBSCRIPTION DEPT. P.O. BOX 30520 SALT LAKE CITY, UT 84130-0520. TELEPHONE # (800) 217-9158. FAX # (801) 208-0877. subscriptions@marvelsubs.com.** AVI ARAD, Chief Creative Officer; ALAN FINE, President & CEO Of Marvel Toys and Marvel Publishing, Inc.; DAVID BOGART, VP Of Publishing Operations; DAN CARR, Director of Production; JUSTIN GABRIE, Managing Editor; STAN LEE, Chairman Emeritus. For information regarding advertising in Marvel Comics or on Marvel.com, please contact Joe Maimone, Advertising Director, at jmaimone@marvel.com or 212-576-8534. For Marvel subscription inquiries, please call 800-217-9158.

93 YEARS FROM NOW

1 HOUR AGO...

...SO WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO THAT *CANCER VACCINE* DOCTOR KRIGSTEIN DEVELOPED?

ACCOUNTING RATED IT A *NET LOSS* TO REPLACE SEVEN CHRONIC TREATMENTS WITH ONE INJECTION, SO THE BOARD KILLED THE PROJECT.

Y'KNOW, I TRIED TO *WARN* KRIGSTEIN. NOW HE'LL BE LUCKY TO FIND WORK AT *DOC-IN-THE-BOX.*

MY *VIRTUAL UNREALITY* PROJECT, ON THE OTHER HAND, WILL BE A *GOLD MINE* FOR ALCHEMAX.

I'VE BEEN WONDERING, DOCTOR BOONE...IF THIS REALLY IS A DIMENSIONAL PORTAL, COULD IT MAYBE REACH *ASGARD?*

YOU START UP WITH THAT *THORITE* GARBAGE AGAIN, RIDLEY, AND I'LL REQUISITION A NEW ASSISTANT.

SCIENCE AND FAIRY TALES *DON'T* MIX.

NOW, WATCH THOSE *SCANNERS* WHILE I...

WWWWWWORRP

WHOAAAA!

NYARRHH!

WHAT THE SHOCK WAS THAT?

NO IDEA!

SHUT IT DOWN, DOCTOR BOONE. PULL OUT AND SHUT DOWN, NOW!

I'M TRYING! SOMETHING'S GOT THE ARM!

HOLY SHOCK!

SO.

THIS IS TWENTY-NINETY-NINE, IS IT?

LOOKS LIKE A CRAP EPISODE OF DOCTOR WHO.

THE FUTURE AIN'T WHAT IT USED TAE BE, EH, LADS?

RIDLEY...CALL SECURITY...

WAIT, DOCTOR BOONE. WHAT IF THIS IS HIM? THE PROPHET OF THOR...

OCH! NOT EVEN CLOSE!

KZAKKK

I'M HERE FOR TECHNICAL HELP, NOT TAE BE CROWNED THE SECOND COMIN' OF LORD LOVE-A-DUCK. NOW, ARE YE A MAN O' SCIENCE OR AREN'T YE?

...

...J-JORDAN BOONE, PhD...AT YOUR SERVICE...

52 MINUTES LATER...

THE SOUND CUTS OUT ON THE SECURITY VID ABOUT FIVE SECONDS AFTER THE MAN EMERGES FROM THE VIRTUAL UNREALITY INTERFACE.

AT LEAST, I *ASSUME* HE'S A MAN.

NOW JORDAN BOONE AND THE STRANGER ARE BOTH *GONE*, AND I'M EXPECTED TO SAVE MY BIGGEST RIVAL IN THE R&D DEPARTMENT.

WELL, MIKE? YOU GONNA EXPLAIN TO ME WHAT *HAPPENED* HERE?

IT'S NOT "MIKE." IT'S MIGUEL. *MIGUEL O'HARA.* NOT THAT MY BOSS WILL EVER GET IT STRAIGHT.

LOOKS LIKE BOONE PULLED SOMEONE OR SOME*THING* OUT OF VIRTUAL UNREALITY, AND IT *VAPORIZED* HIS TECH SUPPORT.

AFTER THAT, I DON'T KNOW...THEY WENT OUT FOR PIZZA?

=HH= THIS WILL THROW OFF THE DEPARTMENT'S *TURNOVER RATE.*

I'M SURE THAT'S BOONE'S BIG CONCERN RIGHT NOW, TYLER.

I DON'T MENTION EVERYTHING I'VE FOUND, LIKE THE FACT THAT BOONE RAN A *DATA SEARCH* BEFORE LEAVING.

HE ACCESSED RESTRICTED FILES ON A SUPERHUMAN CODENAMED *HULK.* NOW I JUST HAVE TO FIGURE OUT *WHY.*

C'MON, MIKE, I NEED ANSWERS.

IF I CALL IN ***PUBLIC EYE*** TO INVESTIGATE, THIS FIASCO WILL BE ALL OVER THE ***NET*** BY TOMORROW.

LET ME GO ASK A FEW MORE ***QUESTIONS***, TYLER. I'LL TEXT YOU AS SOON AS I HAVE SOMETHING.

DON'T BE LONG, MIKE. ***TIME IS MONEY.***

TYLER STONE, ALCHEMAX EXEC--A MAN SO KEEN TO KEEP ME WORKING FOR HIM THAT HE SLIPPED ME A ***DRUG*** DESIGNED TO HOOK ME FOR LIFE.

I HAD TO ***RE-SEQUENCE*** MY GENES TO KICK THE STUFF, BUT A ***BUG*** IN THE PROGRAM TURNED ME INTO SOMETHING MORE THAN HUMAN.

I STILL WORK AT ALCHEMAX, LETTING STONE THINK HE HAS ME UNDER HIS THUMB.

BUT THAT'S JUST MY ***DAY JOB***. LATELY, I DO MY ***BEST*** WORK AT NIGHT.

WORLD TOUR 2099

PART 1 OF 2

TONY BEDARD
WRITER
JIM CALAFIORE
PENCILER
MARK McKENNA
INKER
TOM CHU
COLORIST
DAVE SHARPE
LETTERER
SEAN RYAN
ASST. EDITOR
MIKE MARTS
EDITOR
NICK LOWE
ASSOC. EDITOR
JOE QUESADA
EDITOR IN CHIEF
DAN BUCKLEY
PUBLISHER

CRYSTAL PALACE

EXILES HEADQUARTERS

...IF I'D THOUGHT OF THIS **SOONER**, MIMIC WOULD STILL BE **ALIVE**.

OR **NOT**. THERE'S NO TELLIN' HOW PROTEUS WILL REACT TO THESE **IMPLANTS**.

WELL, WE KNOW HE CAN'T STAND METAL, SO A STRIP OF **SURGICAL STEEL** AROUND YOUR FRONTAL CORTEX OUGHT TO KEEP HIM **OUT**, RIGHT?

BUT HE **TRANSMUTED** CAL'S ARMORED FORM BACK TO FLESH AND BLOOD.

WHAT IF HE TURNS THE METAL YOU JUST PUT IN MY HEAD TO RUBBER, OR BATTERY ACID, OR WHAT-EVER?

WE DON'T KNOW THAT PROTEUS CAN **DO** THAT.

WE DON'T KNOW THAT HE **CAN'T**! THE WHOLE **PROBLEM** IS, WE DON'T KNOW HIS LIMITS...OR IF HE EVEN **HAS** ANY.

HE MAKES CONCRETE FLOW LIKE WATER JUST BY **THINKING** IT!

LOOK, WHAT DO YOU **WANT** FROM ME? I'M WRACKING MY BRAINS FOR WAYS TO BEAT PROTEUS, BUT IT'S NOT EASY.

I ONLY JUST GOT THE **TEMPORAL SCANNERS** FULLY OPERATIONAL. IF I'D GOTTEN THE REPAIRS DONE SOONER, I MIGHT'VE BEEN ABLE TO...

HEATHER, IF YOU BLAME YOURSELF FOR MIMIC'S DEATH ONE MORE TIME, I'LL **SLAP** YA.

HE **HESITATED** WHEN HE HAD A CHANCE TO **KILL** PROTEUS, AN' HE PAID THE PRICE.

NOW IT'S UP TO US NOT TO REPEAT HIS MISTAKE.

MAYBE SO, SABRETOOTH, BUT SO FAR **THIS** IS THE ONLY GUY WHO'S PUNCHED THROUGH PROTEUS'S REALITY-WARP.

SO THE REAL QUESTION IS--IS **HE** WILLING TO KILL?

OF COURSE I AM, HEATHER HUDSON.

LORD MOJO PLACED ME AT YOUR SERVICE. I WILL CARRY OUT WHATEVER YOU COMMAND.

GOD, LONGSHOT, WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?

MY MEMORY WAS WIPED, BLINK. HOW I BEHAVED BEFORE, I CANNOT SAY.

DOES THIS JEOPARDIZE OUR MISSION?

I...

NO, IT DOESN'T.

I JUST FEAR WHAT WE'VE BECOME IF WE'RE WILLING TO USE YOU LIKE THIS.

ATTENTION, EXILES-CASUALTY-FIVE! WE HAVE--

WHAT DID I TELL YOU ABOUT CALLING ME THAT?

APOLOGIES, HEATHER HUDSON. TEMPORAL SCANNERS CONFIRM ARRIVAL OF SUBJECT PROTEUS ON EARTH NINE-TWO-EIGHT.

LET US WASTE NO TIME!

WE HAVE A WORLD TO *DEFEND* AND AN ENEMY TO *DESTROY!*

KID, YOU MAY *LOOK* LIGHT IN THE LOAFERS, BUT I LIKE YER *ATTITUDE.*

HEY, DOC. WHAT ABOUT *ME?*

I MEAN, SABRETOOTH AND BLINK GET METAL SKULL-PLATES, AND LONGSHOT'S GOT HIS *LUCK POWERS...*

...BUT WHAT KEEPS PROTEUS FROM COPPIN' A SQUAT IN *MY* NOGGIN?

SORRY, MORPH, I ALMOST *FORGOT.*

SINCE YOUR BODY'S BASICALLY *PLAY DOUGH,* THERE'S NO POINT IN *SURGICALLY* INSERTING THIS.

JUST, AH, *PUSH* IT INSIDE YOUR HEAD AND SORT OF *GRIP* IT THERE. IF PROTEUS TRIES TO WORM HIS WAY IN, IT OUGHT TO DO THE TRICK.

=UNF=

OH, MAN... DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA HOW *UNCOMFORTABLE* THIS IS GOING TO FEEL?

TELL ME.

WELL, WHAT IF I ASKED YOU TO WALK AROUND ALL DAY WITH A GREAT BIG *MARBLE* SHOVED UP YOUR--

GOT IT.

SORRY, BUT THERE'S NOT EXACTLY A *MANUAL* FOR THIS KIND OF THREAT, SO I'M *IMPROVISING.*

I KNOW, HEATHER. I KNOW.

THE *HULK FILE* BOONE ACCESSED WAS FROM A SECRET DIVISION OF *PUBLIC EYE*, CATALOGUING EVERY KNOWN SUPERHUMAN.

WHEN THIS IS OVER, I'LL HAVE TO SEE WHAT THEY'VE DUG UP ON ME... THEN *DELETE* IT.

THE FILE IDENTIFIED THE HULK AS ONE *JOHN EISENHART*, A DEALMAKER FOR LOTUSLAND STUDIOS, IN TOWN FOR A *DINNER MEETING* AT STARK-FUJIKAWA--

?

BLINK

BLOONK

WHAT THE *SHOCK*--

WHULP

THUMP

THERE'S A *REWARD* OUT FOR ME, BUT IF THESE GUYS THINK THEY'LL COLLECT IT...

RELAX. WE'RE *NOT* HERE TO FIGHT YOU.

IN FACT, I THINK WE'RE *BOTH* LOOKING FOR THE SAME PERSON.

WHO *SENT* YOU? D'MONIX? SYNTHIA? YOU DON'T *LOOK* LIKE PUBLIC EYE.

WE'RE... NOT FROM AROUND HERE.

THE MAN WHO APPEARED IN YOUR *LAB* IS EXTREMELY DANGEROUS. WE'RE HERE TO *STOP* HIM.

HOW DO YOU KNOW ABOUT HIM?

PROTEUS COMES FROM A SEPARATE QUANTUM REALITY SO DO *WE*.

DO YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT I'M SAYING?

ACTUALLY, THIS MAKES A WEIRD SORT OF *SENSE*...

...THE VIRTUAL UNREALITY PORTAL *IS* A DOOR TO OTHER DIMENSIONS, AFTER ALL...

WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH *ME*?

MY "TIMELINE"...

YOU KNOW THIS WORLD BETTER THAN WE DO. WE WANT TO TAKE DOWN *PROTEUS* WITHOUT ALTERING YOUR TIMELINE.

WEIRDER AND WEIRDER BUT SHE *IS* ASKING NICELY...

THAT'S THE *STARK-FUJIKAWA* BUILDING.

I THINK YOUR FRIEND-- *PROTEUS*, WAS IT?-- IS THERE LOOKING FOR ONE OF THE MOST *VIOLENT* CREATURES ON EARTH.

MEGACORPORATIONS like ALCHEMAX AND SYNTHIA EMPLOY SOME OF THE MOST RUTHLESS PEOPLE I'VE EVER ENCOUNTERED..

...BUT FOR A CESSPOOL OF POWER-MAD BACKSTABBING, YOU CAN'T BEAT THE ENTERTAINMENT INDUSTRY...

THANK YOU ONCE AGAIN FOR MEETING US HERE, EISENHART-SAN.

I ALWAYS WANTED TO DINE AT JACK & LOU'S. BUT I'D HAVE MET YOU IN HELL TO MAKE THIS DEAL HAPPEN

LOTUSLAND STUDIOS HAS BEEN AFTER AN ACCOUNT WITH STARK-FUJIKAWA FOR YEARS.

NOW, WHICH OF YOU PURCHASES HOLOVIDS? I HAVE A WHOLE LINEUP OF SHOWS FOR YOUR FALL SEASON.

AH, WEL...YOU SEE, EISENHART-SAN, WE ARE NOT ACTUALLY IN THE ENTERTAINMENT SECTOR.

WE WORK IN STARK-FUJIKAWA'S PERSONNEL DEPARTMENT.

ACQUISITIONS DIVISION.

YOU'RE HEADHUNTERS--?

AN UNFORTUNATE TERM, BUT ACCURATE ENOUGH.

WE HAVE AN OPENING IN OSAKA, AND OUR SUPERIORS CHOSE YOU TO FILL IT.

OH, GENTLEMEN, GENTLEMEN... YOU'RE IN FOR A NASTY SURPRISE...

WAIT!

SORRY, WE ARE CLOSED.

SOMETHING MUST BE WRONG. JACK AND LOU'S *NEVER* CLOSES.

THE MAN WE CAME FOR IS *IN* THERE. I CAN *FEEL* IM...

"...AND YUR RIGHT--HE LL MAKE ME A *FINE* NEW SHELL. ONE THAT WON'T BURN OUT FOR *WEEKS*..."

SO ALL THE *DINERS* ARE IN ON THIS, TOO?

CONSIDER IT A *COMPLIMENT* THAT WE COMMIT SUCH RESOURCES TO SECURING YOUR SERVICES.

NOW, PLEASE SIGN YOUR NEW *EMPLOYMENT CONTRACT*, AND WE SHALL GET ON WITH YOUR RELOCATION.

EISENHART-SAN?

JOHN EISENHART--

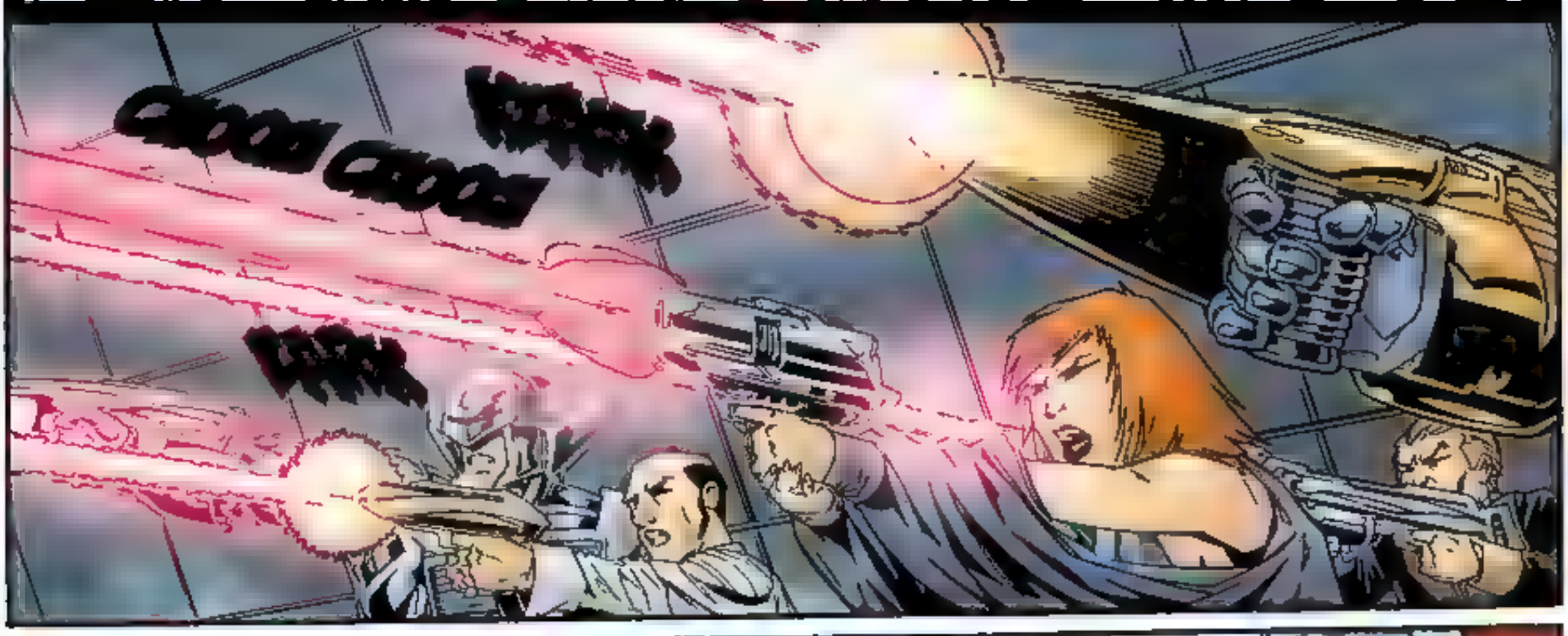
--ISN'T *HERE* ANYMORE...

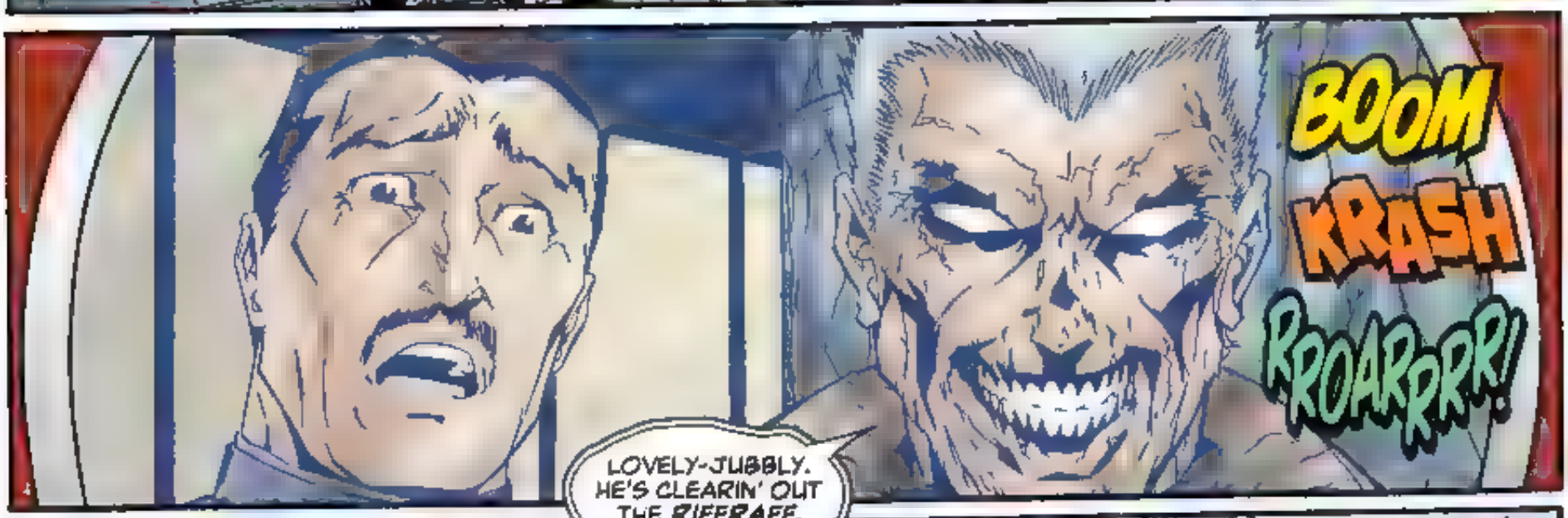
..THAT WEAK LITTLE WORM...

...THAT SICKLY SACK OF FEAR...

...IS LETTIN' ME CLOSE THIS DEAL!

<WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?! OPEN FIRE!


CHOOF CHOOF
KRAK
KRAK


BOOM
KRASH
RROARRRR!

LOVELY-JUBBLY. HE'S CLEARIN' OUT THE RIFFRAFF.
WAIT HERE, BOONE, WHILST I SLIP INTAE SOMETHIN' A BIT... GREENER.

...FILTHY PINK BEASTS...

...THUGS OF CIVILIZATION...

WHAK

YUIR A STRANGE ONE, MISTER HULK.

THIS IS THE REAL YOU, ENNIT?

THE WEE BUSINESSMAN--EISENHART--HE'S THE MONSTER. YE HIDE BEHIND HIS WHEELIN' AN' DEALIN', BUT HE'S JUST A NECESSARY EVIL.

WHO ARE YOU?

HOW DO YOU KNOW SO MUCH ABOUT ME?

YUIR MIND'S AN OPEN BOOK TAE ME. MOST PEOPLE'S ARE, THOUGH FEW ARE WRIT SO GRAND AS YUIR'S.

BUT YUIR STORY IS ABOUT TAE HAVE A DOOZY OF A PLOT-TWIST

..HE'LL LET ME LIVE..HE'LL LET ME LIVE..

RAHRRRR--AIEEEEEE..

YAH!

BLINK

BOONE! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

SPIDER-MAN?!

TELL ME WHY YOU'RE HERE OR I SHRED YOUR FACE!

OKAY, OKAY! THERE'S THIS GUY, HE INHABITS OTHER PEOPLE'S BODIES LIKE A PARASITE.

HE MADE ME FIND HIM A DURABLE HOST-BODY, ONE THAT WON'T BURN OUT...

SO HE LED THE DIRTBAG TO THE MOST POWERFUL BODY THERE IS!

I'LL BLINK THE HULK AWAY FROM HIM, IF WE'RE NOT TOO LATE...

THERE!

TOO LATE-- HE'S MOVED ON!

RIGHT HERE, LADS.

?

SHRAK

DON'T KNOW HOW YE MISSED ME!

I NEVER MISS!

I'M SURE YE DON'T, LUCKY-LAD...

...BUT IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN YUIR PUB-DARTS TAE PENETRATE THIS HIDE!

NO, YE'LL NOT LAY A HAND ON ME AT ALL!

KRASH

KRAMM

I'LL CATCH HIM!

THWIPP

ALMOST A SHAME THAT YUIR TELEPORT SPIKES CANNAE *TOUCH* ME.

HOW YE MUST *LONG* TAE BLINK ME STRAIGHT INTAE THE *SUN*.

SHUT UP.

I KNOW YE SO WELL, CLARICE. I STILL HAVE POOR, DEID CALVIN'S *MEM'RIES*...

...I KNOW HOW YE LIKED TAE BE *TOUCHED*...I KNOW HE BROUGHT YE SUCH *JOY*...

SHUT UP!

HOW CAN YOU REMEMBER WHAT *LOVE* FEELS LIKE... AND *STILL* BE SUCH A MONSTER?!

DON'T LET HIM *RATTLE* YA.

IT'S NOT A QUESTION OF *LETTIN'* ME DO ANYTHIN', SEEBRTOOTH.

IF I WANT TAE TAKE A DUMP IN YUIR *SOUL*, YE CANNAE *STOP* ME.

MEANWHILE, I'M WONDERING HOW THIS GUY CAN *WEIGH* SO LITTLE, WHEN A SUDDEN SHOCK OF *FEAR* HITS ME.

CRIPPLING, UNREASONING *TERROR* BEGS ME TO FLEE, BUT THE SCIENTIST IN ME JUST *HAS* TO TURN AND LOOK FOR ITS *SOURCE*...

...AND I'M IMMEDIATELY *SORRY* WHEN I DO.

THAT'S...NOT... POSSIBLE...!

THE *LAWS OF PHYSICS*, THE BEDROCK OF MY SANITY, HAVE JUST BEEN *SUSPENDED* AT STARK-FUJIKAWA.

AND ASIDE FROM THE FEAR, I SUDDENLY *HATE* THESE STRANGERS FOR BRINGING THEIR TROUBLES TO MY WORLD.

SO MUCH FOR NOT IMPACTING YOUR TIMELINE...

TO BE CONTINUED!..